

Starting At the Hedge

Clip clip clip,
Cary Grant. Dont
cutjuh balls off,
Sleaze.

Bleach bleach bleach
Archie Leach,
Watcha ass there,
Dick.

Slick slick slick
Tricky Dick
Kick me harder,
Clown.

Down Down Down
...to Venus Mound.
Cool it,
Cock.

Rock Rock Rock,
Elvis hot,sock
it King.

Yeah n' wring it out,
Bierce. Wherdjuh go?
Wherdjuh go? Wherdjuh go?

And whodjuh see?
What rose,Mexicali?

Casavettes

sweet john by Jesus
begetting films with rent
ed lights and paper coffee

cups filling gutters,
continent away from
cigar suckers and fuck-
ladies under the sunHAMMER,

greaseseductions, the pop
ping thrust of a thousand
sexual tongues.

Sophocles among the vicious cartoons,
Vincent teasing life from the extras
off the gritty street,

napoleon yelling *get out!*
if you're not in the shot, go AWAY!
you too, John.

Science

Chaos get pitched
and we're brushed

back to walk, soon sliding
to appropriate replicas
bound inside the blinding

diamond. You can't any
where know what you find:
each curve hung in time,

you hit downtown
because you can

see it and mustn't
ceaselessly strike out with
in the luscious spaces

ruled. Not enough then
to elegantly muse, dying at base,

or, jaded, get tagged in rundowns.
So up finally stride uncon

scious you and true,
next at bat, Charm
more crazy, luminous

ly sung, and a la
The Babe Divine
ly point in *ECSTASY*

shrewd.

Children

have died
in these times,
their sweet eyes
their sweet eyes murdered

in these
times

Children

in these times Children Children in these times
have died in these murdering times their sweet
their sweet eyes their

eyes
eyes
eyes
eyes
eyes

So Much An Hour

The place of time
's a clock
once we step round.

Now it depends on the company.
W/ a good'un
lots is forgiven

w/ kisses for all, since
you can push everything
back to ring in.

And w/ a bad
their hands
is razors.

Kiss-ass

couriers round the court
in time of A. Pope's writing
for a collar: *I'm*

*His Majesty's dog at Kew
Pray, Sir, whose dog are you?*

Hey, Alexander, so
you shouldn't see
the kennel now!

according to an

other intonating lady on public tv:
zillion more insects than people
well we're so BIG hell
i cd think of
some sweet
places
i wd
c
r
a
w
l
.

The Difference

What I'm thinking is bizarre enough.
Must others crash in unannounced
sliding eyes?

as maniacs with

A craze becomes its own plate
only. It strays, though staying
under sustenance.

Birthday

- a. Congratulations. You haven't gotten crazy.
- b. I don't know about that. What's crazy?
- a. Like, Crazy is going to the supermarket and apostrophizing the checkers. *What beautiful knights and ladies! And what a castle!* *lovely*
- b: Then I'm crazy with reservations: it's all definitely there but needs work.

It
flowers suffocatingly.
You cannot recollect
the seed, the rain-
y day spent
on your knees.

The Science and the Art

If earnest, you can never join
the prevalent circus,
but slink outside
for exercise

as if it mattered,
being just
another
slut.

Even on this joyous day
where a something amalgamates
further bastards such

as postmodernist
deconstructionist
feminist...well,

the idea's had, IT
lurching as we breathe
sibilantly each other in. You!

with all
of your degrees,
are catching on
about the eyes.

Too incremental, I know
and therefore slow.

"Throw a curve ball!"--
advice. But that hangs,

sooner than later,
in silly duration,
so easy
to decide the spin.

Patriots

In this poem's
no age or gender.

You'd be hard put
to know genitals

to play with, or
ethnicity or race.

Hey! Politically Correct
or no, Abortion up or down?
Try fathoming, Clown.

Can't! Oh you can scorn,
be so bored you hear
your pipes corroding,

scream *Lemme out of this
lousy poem, so-called!*--
*the PRECiousness and drear
little antelope tropes.*

Good! Say it's shitty
at any rate we're digging
democracy.